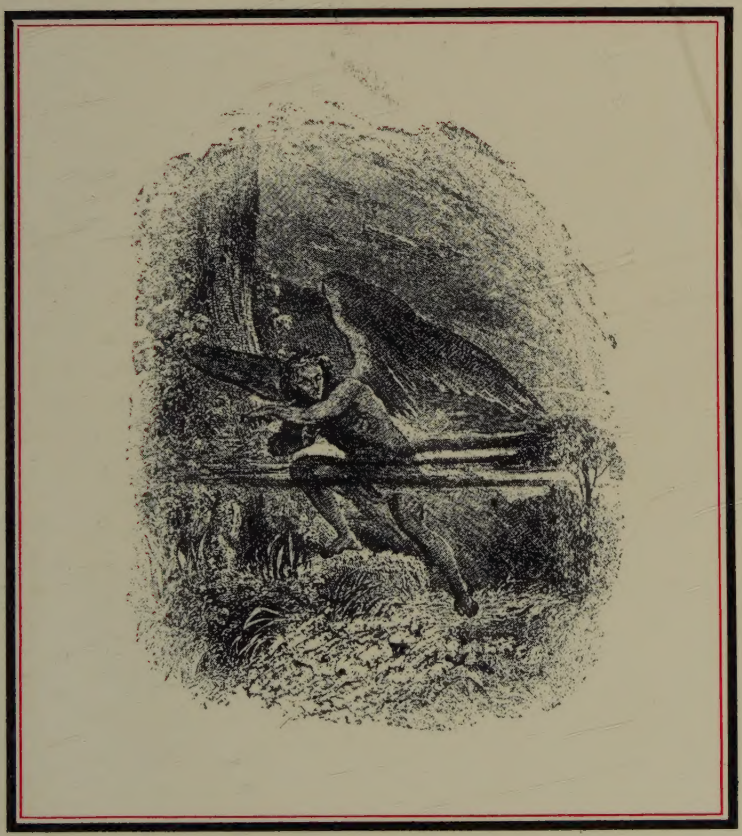
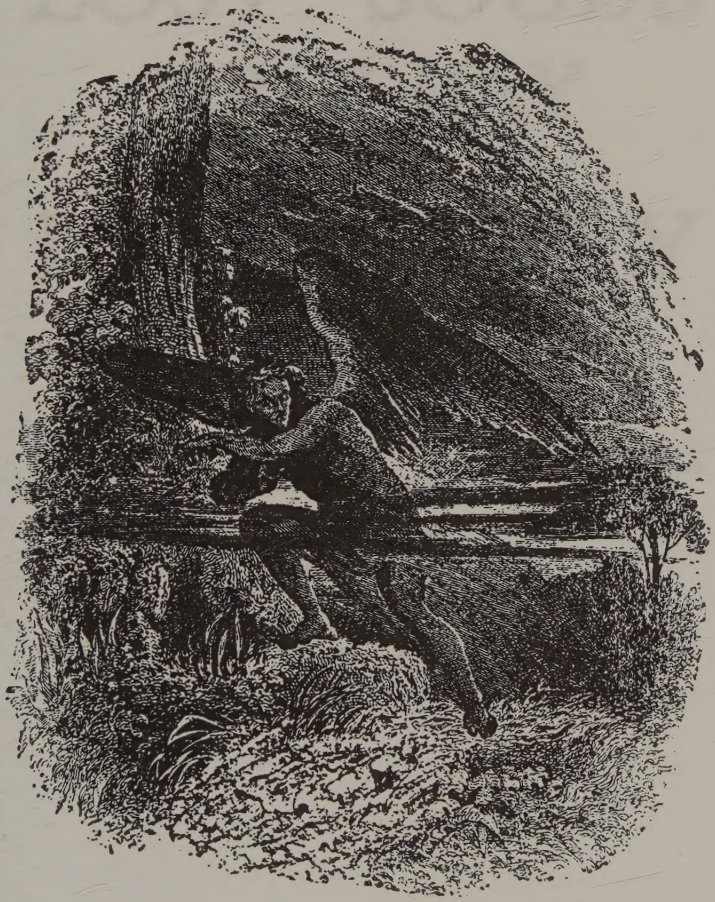
The Lost Soul's First Day in Eternity



J. M. HUMPHREY

David -
This book weaves
Scripture, quotes from
Atheists & a dramatic
interpretation of what
it would be like as
a lost soul -
interesting reading
- The Parkinsons
Emily

reprinted by
Larry Harrison
9066 Knickerbocker
St. John, IN 46373



THE LOST SOUL'S FIRST DAY IN ETERNITY

By

J. M. HUMPHREY

Author of "Sermons that Never Die," "Ready Arrows for Holiness Workers," "Gleanings from Emmanuel's Land," "Revival Shot and Shell," "Soul Comfort," "Select Fruits from the Highlands of Beulah," Etc.

printed by

Bible & Literature Missionary Foundation

713 Cannon Blvd. • Shelbyville, TN 37160 • (931) 684-0304

A FOREWORD

My purpose in presenting this little book is to call the sinner's attention to some of his first day experience in Eternity. Now to assist me in treating this profound subject, I have taken the liberty to select several articles and thoughts from other writers. Therefore, all articles followed by an asterisk * are selected.

I send it forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, asking all who may read it, to pray that God may bless the good and overrule all mistakes.

Yours in Christian love,

J. M. HUMPHREY.

April, 1912.

DEDICATION

In loving dedication to my Beloved Friend and Brother in Jesus, Willie O. B. Lee, who is now in the Glory World.

"I pray Thee, therefore, Father, that Thou wouldest send him to my father's house: For I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment."

Luke 16:27-28.

CONTENTS

Chapters		Pages
I.	Death-Bed Events	9
II.	The Parting Hour	17
III.	The Funeral Procession	21
IV.	Awaking on the Other Shore	23
V.	The Flight to Hell	31
VI.	His Soliloquy	35
VII.	Some Things that Meet his Sight	39
VIII.	Some of Hell's Torments	43
IX.	Hell's Torments Continued	49
X.	No Rest in Hell	59
XI.	No Possibility of Escape	65
XII.	No Annihilation	69
XIII.	A Testimony Meeting in Hell	71
XIV.	A Letter From Hell, Part I	73
XV.	A Letter From Hell, Part II	83
XVI.	A Letter From Hell, Part III	87
XVII.	Jottings From Hell	91
XVIII.	"Small Sins" in Hell	97
XIX.	The Sinner's Vision of Heaven	103
XX.	His Evening Plaint	113
XXI.	The Duration of Eternity	115
XXII.	What Hath Eternity in Store For Me?	125

THE LOST SOUL'S FIRST DAY IN ETERNITY

CHAPTER I.

SOME DEATH-BED EVENTS

Men have lived in this world so long, and are being so captivated by its wealth and grandeur that they seem to forget they are only visitors here, and that some day, they must leave for Eternity — the Great Beyond. O, what a change it would make in the business world, in the social world, in the political world, and in every walk of life, if all men would seriously consider this awful thought!

Reader, it will be only a few short days, months or years, before you will be upon your death-bed, taking your leave for the Great Beyond. You have often talked about it, and have stood by the bed side of your loved ones, while they were leaving for the "Land

of the Unknown," but some day, perhaps much earlier than you think, you will cross the dismal main.

Let us briefly notice a few things that generally take place at this point. First: All infidelity and skepticism vanishes away. It is astonishing how men's ideas are changed at this point. You may not believe in religion, or a God, a devil, a heaven nor a hell now, while you are hale and hearty, and surrounded by a multitude of friends, but by and by when you are stranded upon a deathbed and have but a few moments to live, you will feel quite differently. Listen to the testimonies of some noted infidels who once believed and felt as you do to-day. Voltaire, addressing his doctor, said, "I am abandoned by God and man. I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months' life." The doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me." And soon after expired. Altamont:

"My principles have poisoned my friends; my extravagance beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife. And is there another hell? Oh, Thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God! Hell is a refuge if it hides me from Thy frown." Sir Francis Newport: "What argument is there now to assist me against matters of fact? Do I assert that there is no hell, while I feel one in my own bosom? Am I certain that there is no after retribution, when I feel present judgment? Do I affirm my soul to be as mortal as my body, when this languishes, and that is vigorous as ever? Wretch that I am, whither shall I flee from this breast? What will become of me? O that I was to lie upon the fire that never shall be quenched a thousand years to purchase the favor of God, and be reunited to Him again. But it is a fruitless wish. Millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my torment than one poor hour. O eternity, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can

paraphrase upon these words — *forever and ever?*"

Charters wanted to give £ 30,000 to have it proved that there was no hell. Mirabeau cried out when on his death-bed, "Give me more laudanum, that I may not think of Eternity and what is to come!"

Second: The next event that occurs at this all-important point is, the retrospecting of their sins of the past. O what an awful hour for the sins and mis-doings of the past to array themselves before a dying man's vision like a regiment of soldiers! Reader, you may have your sins and mis-doings of the past deeply buried beneath oblivious ruins, but when your conscience is quickened by death and your vision clarified by the light of Eternity, they will all be resurrected and attack your soul like a pack of hungry wolves. We knew a lady in the South, who a few hours before dying became so uneasy and terrified that the nurse became alarmed, and closely questioned her as to what the trouble was.

She at first refused, but on being pressed, related the following in substance: "Some years ago, I assisted a woman in destroying her unborn child, and now it stands here before me." We also heard of another striking death-bed confession. In the state of Kentucky, some years ago, a man was hanged on circumstantial evidence, for the supposed murder of his wife. Years after the execution, a man in a Kentucky village was seriously ill and was declared hopeless by the physicians. In fact, they could not see what kept him alive, but it seemed he could not die until he made some confession. Finally, he called the folks to his bed-side and confessed that he was the murderer. After doing so he passed into the land of the evermore. How true is the saying of the patriot of old, — "Be sure your sins will find you out."

Third: Beauty and honor also vanish at this point. So many we have seen who were the gazing stock of society, and the most beautiful in all the land. No social gathering

of interest was complete without their presence. But death came and the beauty faded and they were soon forgotten. Go to the grave to seek their beauty, their honor and greatness. All that remains is a skull bone and a heap of dust. "The daughters of music have been brought low and all the instruments forgotten."

Fourth: The next thing of interest is, the value of time is fully realized. There is no one upon earth, who fully realizes the value of Time. Time is one of the most valuable articles on this side of Jordan's icy stream, and its full value is not realized by men until they are upon their death-beds, with but a few moments to live. "Millions of money for an inch of time!" cried Elizabeth, the Queen of England, upon her dying bed. Reclining upon a royal couch, with ten thousand dresses in her wardrobe, and a kingdom on which the sun never set at her feet, she, who had wasted more than half of a century, would now barter millions for an inch of

time. "Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness, even forfeited reputation won by patience and virtue; but who ever looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of *wasted time?*" A woman in the agonies of death cried out to those who sought to comfort her, "Call back time again! If you can call back time again, then there is hope for me; but time is gone." O reader, will this be your lamentable cry when your short stay on earth is ended?

Fifth: The next thing that takes place on the death bed is, men let loose of the wealth of earth. Gold mines, diamond fields, oil wells, railroad bonds, corner lots, and all of the fleeting things of time are dropped in the awful hour of death and every one goes to Eternity empty handed.

Friend, remember you must leave all of your estate but a grave; all of your movable goods but a winding sheet; all of your houses and barns but a coffin. Vanderbilt, when dying, requested some one to sing

"Come, ye sinner, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

CHAPTER II.

THE PARTING HOUR

As some one has well said, "There is an end to all things." Every thing has its *last day*, *last hour*, and *last moment*. Let us now draw a pen picture of your last moments on earth. See yourself thin and pale, upon a death-bed, gasping for breath, while surrounded by a multitude of weeping relatives and friends. See the cold "death-dew" coursing its way down your fever-scorched brow; feel the death rattles in your throat. The physician is summoned and declares your case hopeless, and that you have but a short while to live. And while lying in this position you awake to the fact that all of the faces in the room, the furniture and every thing is fading from your vision like a dream, and all earthly sounds are dying away like a chime of evening bells. You also awake to the fact that the

room is being filled with legions of devils from the "Under World," and the impenetrable gloom of eternal night is settling like a pall. You also realize that you have lost the power of utterance and your tongue cleaves fast to the roof of your mouth. —

"Hours seem weeks, as slowly flying
O'er me while I here am dying.
O, I'm sinking! Can it be
This dread hour has come to me?

I who loved earth's fleeting pleasures
And admired its pride and treasures;
Laughed at danger, mocked at God,
Was at nothing solemn awed;
Lie here moaning, trembling, crying;
Hope all gone, and I am dying."

Suddenly a strange sensation creeps over your meager frame, and the dart of death flies through your fainting heart. One sob,

one faint struggle, one long groan, and your spirit takes its flight to the Great Beyond.

Descend, O sinner, to the woe!
Thy day of hope is done;
Light shall revisit thee no more,
Life with its sanguine dreams is o'er,
Love reaches not yon awful shore;
Forever sets thy sun!

Pass down to the eternal dark,
Yet not for rest or sleep;
Thine is the everlasting tomb,
Thine the inexorable doom,
The moonless, mornless, sunless gloom,
Where souls forever weep.

No river of forgetfulness,
As poets dream'd and sung,
Rolls yonder to efface the past,
To quench the sense of what thou wast,
To soothe or end thy pain at last
Or cool thy burning tongue!

No God is there; no Christ; for He
  Whose word on earth was, 'Come,'
Has said, 'Depart; go, lost one, go,
  Reap the sad harvest thou didst sow,
Join yon lost angels in their woe,
  Their prison is thy home."

CHAPTER III.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

The death-bed scene is past, while the news flashes throughout the village like lightning, that *you* are dead. The undertaker is summoned and you are laid quietly in the casket. Your family and loved ones stand around in breathless awe, with tear-bathed cheeks and breaking hearts. But you are gone hence to return no more, till the heavens shall flee away and the Judge of all shall come.

At last the funeral hour arrives, and the black wagon with its nodding plumes backs slowly up to your door while the pall-bearers bring out your lifeless form. Alas! for the man who never had time to pray, go to church or prepare for eternity. He at last has found time to die. He thought business, society, and politics could not exist without him, but now he is dead and the world goes on just the same. So away marches the funeral procession to the lonely city of the dead. —

I saw a town of marble piles
Where willows waved o'er violets' smiles;
'Twas all laid out in walks and squares,
And free throughout from worldly cares.

The proud and gay were all asleep,
And widows there retired to weep.
Distinctions vain had flown away
And all were equal in the clay.

The grave is opened, the body lowered into the cold bosom of the earth. The rueful clods are thrown in, while your loved ones stand in breathless suspense, and the minister pronounces these heart-rending words — "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." O, awful hour! Finally all is over and the loved ones return home in grief and solitude wide as the world. There is a newly made grave in the cemetery beneath the sighing willow, a vacant place around the fireside and a familiar voice unheard. By and by the tears of the weeping ones will be staid, the bleeding hearts healed and you forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

AWAKING IN ETERNITY

"As stunn'd, the disembodied spirit awhile
Fix'd upon things unseen a vacant gaze:"

O, what a strange world! There is no sun, no moon, no water, no air, no land, no business, no friends. But desolation, night, and emptiness everywhere, while these awful words resound throughout that void of shoreless space — "This is Eternity!"

Let us notice a few things that take place with the sinner at this point. First, He is convinced of the fact that he has *really* died and is not *dreaming*. His eyes are now opened to behold the mysteries of things unseen. He now realizes that even while dwelling upon earth, he was surrounded with more spirits than men, more habitants of the thin air than of the solid ground. He also realizes that

while dwelling upon earth he was on the border land of heaven and hell.

2. He realizes, too, that Satan and his host were not chained in hell, as he had previously supposed, but were loose upon earth, binding sinners with the chain of habit, uncleanness, drunkenness, covetousness, and unbelief, and leading them down to eternal night. He also awakes to the fact, that it was the devil by his side, that prompted every lie, every sneer, every dishonest deed, every unkind thought, every unholy desire and unkind word that ever escaped his lips.

3. He also realizes what an awful thing it was to take sides against Jesus and righteousness, by living in sin upon earth. His eyes are now open to behold the hosts of darkness as they wage war against Christ and His church. He now realizes that in committing the smallest sin, he caused angels to weep and devils to rejoice.

4. He now realizes that every prayer, every sermon and gospel song that he ever

heard was a life-line thrown out from heaven to rescue him from the awful whirl-pool of sin and vice. He now sees that all true churches, no matter how humble, were "Heaven's Life-Saving Stations" along the River of Time, to stop perishing souls from going over the falls of Eternal Death. He also realizes the fact, that the Bible, the much despised and censured book, was a *great beacon light* sent from Eternity to Time, to disperse the gloom of sin's night, and lead fallen man from death to life and from woe to bliss.

5. He has awakened to the fact, that all of his supposed secret sins, which he committed while on earth, in dark and secluded places, were not done in secret, but in *full view* to God and all the hosts of heaven and hell. He now sees that every evil thought and wicked imagination was heard like peals of thunder by all the inhabitants of Eternity. He also realizes how vain it was to *wholly* pursue any earthly object; anything that

could die or cease to be; anything that would not stand the scrutiny of death's refining fires and bear the imprint of a Righteous God. He now sees all of earth's store, viz., culture, fame, wealth, pleasure, dress, beauty, and grandeur, weighed in the scales of Eternity and found to be lighter than a feather.

6. The next stupendous revelation which he receives here, is the duration of "Influence." He is now being awakened to the fact that his influence did not die, but is still in the world, wielding its power over other souls. He sees it dragging a long train of human beings behind him to hell, like a train of freight cars. He sees his "*Ill Example*" and "*Ill Advice*" going to and fro in the land, and bringing forth an aftermath of sin and folly, wide as the world. Hence, for him to have continued longer on the earth, would have made him a greater enemy to God and ruiner of man, and thus brought greater condemnation upon his own soul.

7. He had previously taken sin to be a

tame, non-offensive thing, but now, since his eyes are opened to behold the things unseen, he sees it in all of its deceivableness and wretchedness. He now beholds it as a great tidal wave breaking forth from the garden of Eden, overflowing and drenching all of the bounds of Time and sweeping teeming billions of souls over the falls of Eternal Death. He now beholds the drunkards, the liars, the thieves, the harlots, the moralists, the skeptics, and sinners of every walk of life being swept on and on by its rapid current into the pit of endless woe. "O, thou cursing, blighting, deceiving sin! Thou mother of woe and death and hell. — Thou who didst ruin man pull down the stars, transform angels into devils, dig hell, and fill all of its bounds with unquenchable fire!"

8. His next realization is the fact that he is *really* lost. "O, what an awful word! '*Lost souls.*' Can you get a faint idea of the measureless depth of meaning in the two small words? What oceans of tears! What

overwhelming bursts of wailing and gnashing of teeth! What eternities of despair! Irredeemably lost! No chance for a light to shine out on their devil-begirt, furnace-heated, pall-shrouded, downward, outward, hellward pathway. Lost to happiness and holiness! Lost to God and the redeemed! Lost to heaven and hope. Lost, and no hope of ever being found. *Not one dim, distant hope* of ever being anything but more hopelessly, ruinously, despairingly lost, during all the eternities to come.

"From woe to more woe; misery to worse misery; ever *always lost*! Lost because they would be lost. Lost, while their bosom friend was found. Lost, while Jesus was seeking them, and found them lost; *but they would not be found.* They might have been found, but *would not.* They gained the world and lost their souls. They gained the shadow and lost the substance; gained the briars and lost the flowers; gained famine and lost plen-

ty; gained foes and lost a Friend; gained eternal damnation and lost eternal life.

"Lost amid outer darkness! Lost in the smoke of torment! Lost in the lake of fire and brimstone! Lost amid the howlings of myriads of tormenting devils, the shrieks of the damned, an horrible tempest, the thousand thunders! Lost! Lost!! Lost!!! The bells of eternity are tolling the requiem. Time warns you. The Bible warns you. The Judgment and providences of God warn you. The Spirit warns you. *Shall you and your loved ones be lost?* Decide now while Jesus calls, or you are lost."

"Lost to earth's pleasure that once thy soul won.
Lost earth's fond friendship to sorrow alone,
Lost amid ruined hopes ever undone;
Lost! the enchantment is o'er.

Lost where the billows of torment e'er roll;
Lost where God's wrath flame envelopes
the soul;
Lost where no gleam of hope comes to con-
sole,
Lost in eternity's gloom."

CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT TO HELL

Now, after the sinner has revived from the earthquake shock of death and become conscious of his ruin, he is met by heaven's stern detective who will lead him forth to hell. He addresses him as follows: "Lost one, rise and come with me. Almighty power hath given thee to my charge to convey thee to that viewless world, where thou must wait thy sentence from the lips of infinite, supreme, eternal Truth." And thus the sinner in breathless awe, and mute despair, takes his last, long gaze upon the things of earth, a sight which he shall never behold again, and then the march begins. Long, long was the way, and strange and gloomy as night. They passed the bounds which God had set for light, and life, and love; where darkness

meets with day; where order meets disorder, dreadful, waste, and wild. On and on they swept, through empty, nameless regions vast, where utter Nothing dwells. There neither eye, nor ear, nor any sense of being most acute, finds object. Try touch or sight or smell; try what you will, you strangely find naught but yourself alone. On and on they swiftly flew, through unclaimed continents of desert gloom immense. After hours of rapid flight the atmosphere grows hot from distant fires, while harsh thunders shake that dismal void. Suddenly before their gaze the fiery gates of hell spring up, mountainous, tremendous, and flaming high. And from the distance they hear the roaring of the endless fire, the clanking of the fiery chain, and the weltering of the waves of woe too wide to see beyond. At last they reach hell's bounds. Its gates are built of iron, brass, and adamantine rock, and impaled with circling fire, yet unconsumed. Above it glow these words in letters of vindictive flame.

"Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye,
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom and primeval love.
Before me, things Create were none, save
things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
The adamantine gates of hell recoiled
Back, slowly back, with pond'rous noise, as
when
An Alpine avalanche moves from its ridge
And with one crash of ruin overwhelms
A valley's life, and with their harsh recoil
Disclosed the secrets of that world of woe."

Thus, with a shriek that shook the dark empire and turned the devils pale, he passed in through the gates and took his place among the damned.

"THE wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

Psl., 9:17.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS SOLILOQUY

At last I am in hell. In spite of all my resolutions not to come, I am here to suffer the just demands of a broken law. O God, can it be that I, who was taught the way of truth, virtue, and heaven, should choose sin, hell, and eternal damnation?

Death and judgment are passed. The time of repentance has slipped away. Mercy's door is forever shut. I would not heed the warning voice of God, though it thundered in my ear night and day from my cradle to my grave. I hardened my heart and said, "I will not yield." At last death came; I tried to repent, but my heart would not melt, and my eyes refused to shed a tear. I passed into eternity a damned soul.

The worm that never dies has coiled its slimy folds around my naked heart and in it fastened its venomous fangs. Merciful God,

pity me! But the white winged angel of mercy has forever flown. The fiends with their bony hands are grasping for my defenseless soul. Away, ye devils, ye shall not touch me, ye shall not have my soul. Ah, they have me at last; it is useless for me to resist. Is there none to deliver — none, Great God, none! I turned my back on Thee, now Thou dost refuse to hear my cry of anguish.

The flames of damnation are wrapping my soul in shrouds of eternal misery. O that I had a drop of water to quench this raging thirst that consumes me, but there is no water here. Devils laugh at my agony and exultant shout: "Enjoy the wages of sin!" FOREVER! O God, I have been here but one short hour and have suffered more than a thousand tongues can tell; and must I forever suffer thus? Through the ceaseless ages yet to come must I still suffer on? None to heed my bitter prayers; none to say it will soon be over? It is forever! FOREVER!

The darkness is intense, broken only by the lurid flashes of divine wrath that are thrown like thunderbolts from the hand of a just God! I grope in the darkness to find Him, but plunge over the precipice of despair onto the rocks below. Bruised and mangled I rise and stagger on in search of friends, but none are found. All are my enemies. I scream for help and the only answer is the echo of my own sad cry and the yells of delight from the throats of demons. Alone! Yet multitudes are here; they gnash on me with their teeth; they trample me under their feet. I struggle to rise, and they dash me into the lake of everlasting fire. Alone! Yes, alone! Without God, without hope, without heaven.

O that I had a moment in which to repent, but it will never be given. I have sealed my own doom. God's mercy was extended; I refused till too late. Now Eternal Justice is being satisfied. 'Tis just. God is love; is just and holy. He is clear, but I am guilty — damned, and that righteously. *

"*BIND him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.*" . . . .

Matt. 22:13.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME THINGS THAT MEET HIS GAZE

We now proceed to mention some of the things that meet his horrified vision. First, he is terrified by the awful, impenetrable gloom that hovers over this world of woe. In the Bible it is called "Outer Darkness." Matt. 22-13. "The mist of darkness is reserved forever." 2 Pet. 2:17. Let this darkness be understood literally, and it denotes a condition inexpressibly horrible. We have read of a darkness in Egypt so thick that it could be felt; we have tried to imagine the cloud of gloom that would soon envelope our world, if the light of the sun and every star *were* to be instantly and completely extinguished, but how indescribably inadequate must these illustrations be to portray the horrors of that "outer darkness" into which the wicked will be driven, and by which they will be forever overwhelmed!

How shall I describe this darkness? Mortal man could never conceive it. Of every darkness people are apt to say, "It is to be felt, or to be cut with a knife." But even such manner of speech will not define the night of hell. Darkness there, is so dense, and so heavy, that it oppresses poor souls as with the weight of centuries. It is as though one were wedged in between mountains. It is a night beyond all earthly conception; perhaps that is why the Bible calls it "Outer Darkness," which, I take it, means *uttermost*. Think of a world without a sun, moon, or star; without an electric light, gas light, lamp light, candle light, or lightning bug, but forever wrapped in shoreless gloom.

Think of a world without a blade of grass, or a flower, or a singing bird, or a drop of water.

Second, the next thing that attracts the attention of the newly arrived soul is the countless multitudes that are in hell. It has been said by reliable men, that souls go out of the world at the average rate of sixty to

the minute. It has also been said that souls go to hell at the rate of forty per minute. Think of hell being populated for five thousand years at the rate of forty souls per minute! Who can form any small conception of the multitudes in that den of woe? Think of all the liars of every age, the gamblers, the thieves, the thugs, the murderers, the unbelievers, procrastinators, misers, deceivers, hypocrites, seducers, and slanderers. Add to these the teeming millions of fallen angels who are reserved in chains of darkness, awaiting their final sentence on the day of judgment

"IT is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than, having two hands, to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched."

Mark, 9:43.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME OF HELL'S TORMENTS

And suddenly before my eye
A wall of fiery adamant sprung up,
Wall, mountainous, tremendous, flaming high
Above all flight of hope. I paused and looked;
And saw, where'er I looked upon that mound,
Sad figures traced in fire, not motionless,
But imitating life. One I remarked
Attentively; but how shall I describe
What nought resembles else my eye hath seen?
Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,
But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
And with as many tails, that twisted out
In horrid revolution, tipped with stings,
Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
And in its writhings infinite, it grasped
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen,
black

And quivering with torture most intense;
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,
Made effort to escape, but could not; for
Howe'er it turned—and oft it vainly turned—
These complicated foldings held it fast;
And still the monstrous beast with sting of head
Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore.
What this could image, much I searched to know;
And while I stood, and gazed, and wondered long,
A voice, from whence I knew not, for no one
I saw, distinctly whispered in my ear
These words: "This is the worm that never dies."
Fast by the sight of this unsightly thing,
Another was portrayed, more hideous still;
Who sees it once shall wish to see 't no more.
For ever undescribed let it remain!
Only this much I may or can unfold —
Far out it thrust a dart that might have made

The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
Within the triple bards, a being pierced
Through soul and body both. Of heavenly
make
Original the being seemed, but fallen,
And worn and wasted with enormous woe.
And still around the everlasting lance
It writhed, convulsed, and uttered mimic
groans;
And tried and wished, and ever tried and
wished
To die; but could not die. O horrid sight!
I trembling gazed, and listened, and heard
this voice
Approach my ear, "This is Eternal Death."
Eternal justice Sons of God!
Tell me, if you can tell, what then
I saw, what then I heard. Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath I saw a lake of burning fire,
With tempest tossed perpetually; and still
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made

Of melancholy sort; and overhead,
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled
To storm, and lightning forked lightning crossed,
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sound
Of sullen wrath; and far as sight could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
Forever wasting, yet enduring still;
Dying perpetually, yet never dead.
Some wandered lonely in the desert flames;
And some in fell encounter fiercely met,
With curses loud, and blasphemies that made
The cheek of darkness pale; and as they fought
And cursed and gnashed their teeth, and wished to die,
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs

That always sighed, and tears that ever wept
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
And Sorrow, and Repentance, and Despair
Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.
And as I listened, I heard these beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The earth, the resurrection morn; and seek,
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.
And to their everlasting anguish still,
The thunders from above responding spoke
These words, which, through the caverns of perdition
Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear —
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not." *

"*AND in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.*" . . . . . .

Luke, 16:23.

CHAPTER IX

HELL'S TORMENTS — Continued

"Tophet was ordained of old," although originally prepared, not for the children of men, but "for the devil and his angels."

The punishment of those who, in spite of all the warnings of God, resolve to have their portion with the devil and his angels, will, according to the ancient, and not improper division, be either *poena damni*, what they lose, or *poena sensus*, what they feel. After considering these separately I shall touch on a few additional circumstances.

1. And, first, let us consider the *poena damni* punishment of loss. This commences in that very moment when the soul is separated from the body; in that instant, the soul loses all those pleasures of enjoyment of which depends on the outward senses. The smell, the taste, the touch, delight no more; the organs that minister to them are spoiled,

and the objects that used to gratify them are removed far away. All the pleasures of the imagination are at an end. There is no grandeur in the infernal regions; there is nothing beautiful in those dark abodes; no light but that of livid flames. And nothing new, but one unvaried scene of horror upon horror! There is no music but that of groans and shrieks; of weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth; of curses and blasphemies against God, or cutting reproaches of one another. Nor is there anything to gratify the sense of honor — no; they are the heirs of shame and everlasting contempt.

Thus they are totally separated from all the things they were fond of in the present world. At the same instant will commence another loss: that of the persons whom they love. They are torn away from their nearest and dearest relatives; their wives, husbands, parents and children. All the pleasures they ever enjoyed in these, is lost, gone, vanished away, for there is no friendship in hell.

But they will then be sensible of a greater loss than all they have enjoyed on earth. They have lost their place in Abraham's bosom; in the paradise of God. It seems that the apostle had this in view when he spoke of those "who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." Banishment from the presence of the Lord is the very essence of destruction to a spirit that was made for God. And if that banishment lasts forever, it is "everlasting destruction."

Such is the loss sustained by those miserable creatures on whom that awful sentence will be pronounced: "Depart from me, ye cursed!" What an unspeakable curse, if there were no other! But alas! this is far from being the whole, for, to the punishment of loss will be added the punishment of sense. What they lose, implies unspeakable misery, which is yet inferior to what they feel. This it is, which our Lord expresses in those emphatical words:

"Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

2. From the time that sentence was pronounced upon man: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," it was the custom of all nations, so far as we can learn, to commit dust to dust; it seemed natural to restore the bodies of the dead to the general mother earth. But, in process of time, another method obtained, chiefly among the rich and great, of burning the bodies of their relations, for which purpose they erected huge funeral piles. By either of these methods the body of man was soon restored to its parent, dust. Either the worm or the fire soon consumed the well wrought frame, after which the worm itself quickly died and the fire was entirely quenched. But there is, likewise, a worm that belongs to the future state, and this is a worm that never dieth! and there is a fire hotter than that of the funeral pile, and it is a fire that never shall be quenched!

The first thing intended by the worm that

never dieth seems to be guilty conscience, including self condemnation, sorrow, shame, remorse, and a sense of the wrath of God. May not we have some conception of this by what is sometimes felt, even in the present world? Is it not of this chiefly that Solomon speaks when he says: "The spirit of a man may bear his infirmities" — his infirmities, or griefs, of any other — "but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Who can bear the anguish of an awakened conscience, penetrated with a sense of guilt, and the arrow of the Almighty sticking in the soul, and drinking up the spirit! And yet what are these wounds, what is all this anguish of a soul while in this world, in comparison of those they must suffer when their souls are wholly awakened to feel the wrath of an offended God!

Add to these all unholy passions, fear, horror, rage, evil desire, desires that can never be satisfied. Add all unholy tempers, envy, jealousy, malice, and revenge; all of which will incessantly gnaw the soul. To these, if

we add the hatred of God and all His creatures, all these united together may serve to give us some little, imperfect idea of the worm that never dieth.

But it has been questioned by some: "Whether there be any fire in hell?" That is, any material fire. Nay, if there be any fire, it is, unquestionably, material. For what is immaterial fire? The same as immaterial water or earth! Both one and the other is absolute nonsense, a contradiction in terms. Either, therefore, we must affirm to be material, or we deny its existence. But if we grant them, there is no fire at all there, what would they gain thereby? Seeing this is allowed, on all hands, that it is either fire or something worse. And consider this: does not our Lord speak as if it were real fire? No one can deny or doubt this. Is it possible then to suppose that the God of truth would speak in this manner if it were not so? Does He design to frighten His poor creatures? What, with scarecrows? With vain shadows

of things that have no being? O let not any one think so! Impute no such folly to the Most High!

It remains now to only consider two or three circumstances attending the never dying worm and the unquenchable fire.

And, first, consider the company wherewith every one is surrounded in that place of torment. It is not uncommon to hear even condemned criminals, in our public prisons say: "O I wish I was hanged out of the way, rather than to be plagued with these wretches that are around about me." But what are the most abandoned wretches upon earth compared to the inhabitants of hell? None of these are, as yet, perfectly wicked, emptied of every spark of good. But the inhabitants of hell are perfectly wicked, having no spark of goodness remaining. And they are restrained by none from exerting to the utmost their total wickedness. Not by men; none will be restrained from evil by his companions in damnation; and not by God, for

He hath forgotten them, hath delivered them over to the tormenters. And the devils need not fear. They can die no more; they are strong to sustain whatever the united malice, skill, and strength of angels can inflict upon them.

Consider, secondly, that all the torments of body and soul are without intermission. They have no respite from pain, but "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up day and night." Day and night! That is, speaking according to the constitution of the present world, wherein God has wisely and graciously ordained that day and night should succeed each other, so that in every four and twenty hours there comes

"Daily sabbath, made to rest
Toiling man and weary beast."

Hence, we seldom undergo much labor, or suffer much pain, before sleep steals upon us by insensible degrees and brings an interval of ease. But, although the damned have uninterrupted night, it brings no interruption

of their pain. No sleep accompanies that darkness. Be their suffering ever so extreme, be their pain ever so intense, there is no possibility of their fainting away — no, not for a moment.

Again, the inhabitants of earth are frequently diverted from attending to what is afflictive, by the cheerful light of the sun, the vicissitudes of the seasons, "the busy hum of men," and a thousand objects that roll around them in endless variety. But the inhabitants of hell have nothing to divert them from their torments, even for a moment:

"Total eclipse; no sun, no moon."

No change of seasons or of companions. There is no business, but one uninterrupted scene of horror, to which they must be all attention. They have no interval of inattention or stupidity, they are all eyes, all ears, all sense. Every instant of their duration, it may be said of their whole frame, that they are

"Tremblingly alive all o'er,
And smart and agonize at every pore!"

And of this duration there is no end! What a thought is this! Nothing but eternity is the term of their torment! And who can count the drops of rain, or the sand of the sea, or the years of eternity? Every suffering is softened, if there is any hope, though distant, of deliverance from it. But here

"Hope never comes that comes to all."

What sufferings never to end! Suppose millions of years to elapse, still we are only on the threshold of eternity! Neither the pain of the body nor of soul is any nearer an end than it was millions of ages ago. When they are cast into "The fire that shall never be quenched and where their worm dieth not."

CHAPTER X.

NO REST IN HELL

Onward, onward he hurried in the darkness. At length a glimmering light appeared in the distance, and soon increased to a blaze; but, as he approached it, in addition to the hideously discordant groans and yells of agony and despair, his ears were assailed with what seemed to be echoes of frantic revelry. He soon reached an arched entrance, of such stupendous magnificence that all the grandeur of this world seemed in comparison but as the frail and dingy labors of the poor mole. Within it, what a scene! — too awful to be described. Multitudes gnashing their teeth in the hopelessness of mad despair, cursed the day that gave them birth, while memory recalling opportunities lost and mercies despised, presented to their fevered mental vision the scenes of their past lives. Their

fancy still pictured to them the young and lovely moving up and down in the giddy mazes of the midnight dance; the bounding steed bearing his senseless rider through the excitements of the goaded race; the intemperate still drawling over the midnight bowl the wanton song or maudlin blasphemy. There the slave of Mammon bemoaned his folly in bartering his soul for useless gold; while the gambler bewailed, alas! too late, the madness of his choice.

He at length perceived that he was surrounded by those whom he had known on the earth, but were some time dead, each one of them betraying his agony at the bitter recollections of the vain pursuits that had engrossed his time here — time lent to prepare for a far different scene.

Suddenly he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D——, whom he saw sitting with her eyes fixed in intense earnestness, as she was wont on earth, apparently absorbed in her favorite game of Loo. "Ha, Mrs.

D——, delighted to see you. D'ye know, a fellow told me to-day he was bringing me to hell! Ha, ha! If this be hell," said he, scoffingly, "what a devilish pleasant place it must be! Ha, ha! Come now, my good Mrs. D——, for 'auld lang syne,' do just stop for a moment, rest, and" — "show me through the pleasures of hell!" he was going, with reckless profanity, to add; but with a shriek that seemed to cleave through his very soul, she exclaimed, "REST! There is no rest in hell!" and from the interminable vaults, voices, as loud as thunder, repeated the awful, the heart-withering sound, "There is no rest in hell."

She hastily unclasped the vest of her gorgeous robe, and displayed to the scared and shuddering eye a coil of fiery, living snakes — "the worm that never dies," the worm of accusing conscience, remorse, despair — writhing, darting, stinging in her bosom. Others followed her example; and in every bosom there was a self-inflicted punishment.

In some he saw bare and throbbing hearts, on which distilled slowly drops, as it were, of fiery, molten metal under which consuming, yet ever unconsumed, they writhed and palpitated in the impotence of helpless, hopeless agony. And many a scalding tear was dropped of hopeless anguish, wrung by selfish, heartless villany, from the eye of injured innocent on earth.

In every bosom he saw that which we have no language to describe — no idea horrid enough to conceive; for in all he saw the full grown fruit of evil passions, voluntarily nourished in the human soul during its mortal pilgrimage here; and in all he saw them lashed and maddened by the serpent-armed hand

"Of despair;

. . . For hell were not hell

If hope had ever entered there!"

And they laughed, for they had laughed on earth at all there is of good and holy. And they sang — profane and blasphemous songs

sang they; for they had often done so on earth, at the very hour God claims as His own, the still and midnight hour. And he who in his vision walked among them felt how inexpressibly more horrible such sounds could be than ever was the wildest shriek of agony on earth.

"These are the pleasures of hell!" again assailed his ear, in the same terrific and interminable roll of unearthly sound. He rushed away; but as he fled, he saw those whom he knew must have been dead for thousands of years still absorbed in the recollections of their sinful pleasures on earth, and toiling on through their eternity of woe. The vivid reminiscences of their godliness on earth inflicted on them the bitterest pangs in their doom in hell!

He saw Maxwell, the former companion of his boyhood profligacy, borne along in incessant movement, mocked by the creations of his frenzied mind, as if intent on pursuing the headlong chase. "Stop, Harry, stop!

Speak to me. Oh, rest one moment." Scarce had the words been breathed from his faltering lips, when again his terror-stricken ear was stunned with the same wild yell of agony, re-echoed by ten thousand voices, "There is no rest in hell!"

He tried to shut his eyes. He found he could not. He threw himself down, but the pavement of hell, as with a living and instinctive movement, rejected him from its surface; and, forced upon his feet, he found himself compelled to gaze with still increasing intensity of horror at the ever-changing, yet ever steady torrent of eternal torment. And this was hell! — the scoffer's jest, the by-word of the profligate. *

CHAPTER XI.

NO POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE

Our lost friends are lost forever; we recollect that there is no shadow of a hope for them. When the iron gate of hell is once closed upon them it shall never be unbarred again to give them free exit; when once shut up within those walls of sweltering flames which girdle the fiery gulf, there is no possibility of flight; we recollect they have "Forever" stamped upon their chains, "forever" carved in deep lines of despair upon their hearts. It is the hell of hells that everything there lasts forever. Here time wears away our grief, and blunts the keen edge off our sorrow; but there time never mitigates the woe. Hell grows more hellish as eternity marches on with its mighty pace; the abyss becomes more dense and fiery, the sufferers grow more ghastly and wretched, as years,

if there be such sad variety in that fixed state, roll their everlasting rounds. Here the sympathy of loving kindred in the midst of sickness or suffering can alleviate our pain; but there the tortured ghosts are sport for fiends, and the mutual upbraiding and reproaches of fellow-sinners give fresh stings to torment, to dread to be endured. Here, too, when Nature's last palliative shall fail, to die may be a happy release. A man can count the weary hours till death shall give him rest; but, oh! remember there is no death in hell. Death, which is a monster on earth, would be an angel in hell. If death could go there, all the damned would fall down and worship him; every tongue would sing, and every heart would praise; each cavern then would echo with a shout of triumph, till all was still, and silence brood where terror reigned. But no, the terrible reality is this: "Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

In hell, there is no hope. They have not even the hope of dying — the hope of being

annihilated. They are forever, forever, forever lost! On every chain in hell there is written "forever." In the fires there blazes out the words "forever." Up above their heads they read "forever." Their eyes are galled, and their hearts are pained with the thought that it is "forever." O! if I could tell you to-night that hell would one day be burned out, and that those who were lost might be saved, there would be a jubilee in hell at the very thought of it. But it cannot be; it is "forever they are cast into utter darkness." *

"*AND the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever.*" . . . . . .

Rev. 20:10.

CHAPTER XII.

NO ANNIHILATION IN HELL

According to the Scriptures, the wicked depart into everlasting fire. "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." They shall weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth. They have no rest, day, nor night. The rich man in hell lifted up his eyes, being in torments. The wicked shall dwell with everlasting burnings. When the master of the house shall have risen up and shut the door, they shall stand without, crying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us;" to whom the Master shall say, "I know you not, depart from me." The wicked shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the Lamb. The beast and false prophets shall be cast into a lake of fire, and shall be tormented forever and ever. But how can those who are annihilated be said to be cast into fire, into a

lake of fire and brimstone, and to be tormented there; to have no rest; to weep and wail, and gnash their teeth; to dwell with everlasting burnings? As well might these things be said of them before they were created? How can they be said to plead for admission into heaven, and to reason on the subject with the Master of the celestial mansions? The smoke of their torments ascendeth up forever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night. But those annihilated, so far as they have anything, would have continual rest day and night.

The different degrees of punishment of the wicked in hell proves that their punishment does not consist in annihilation. The punishment of the fallen angels does not consist in annihilation; and the damned suffer the same kind of punishment with them. In expectation of that full punishment, to which they are liable, they asked our Lord whether he were come to torment .them before their time. *

CHAPTER XIII.

A TESTIMONY MEETING IN HELL

The newly arrived soul bends his steps toward a dismal vale where sit multitudes of lost souls, relating to each other why they came to hell. Cain, with his hands stained with blood, declares that he only committed *one* sin. Esau declares that he forfeited all and missed heaven for *one small* dish of meat. Saul declares he missed heaven through *one* act of disobedience and ingratitude. Achan said he missed it through *one* act of theft. Lot's wife said she missed it by simply taking *one* covetous look at a forbidden object. Then there arose a volley of testimonies from men of rank. They are as follows: "We ruined girls, but kept it secret; we grew rich upon the spoil of others and called it business; we were proud, hard-hearted, and spoke of the claims of rank; we may have been liars

and cheats, but always wore kid gloves and were careful as to our tailor — we were genteel folks, you see."

The moralist declared that he was good and went to church regular, but simply failed to be "Born Again." The lost preacher said that he was an eloquent speaker and a good financier and that he had done lots of good things for the poor. But his only trouble was, he failed to get *holiness* of heart. He believed in it, and sometimes spoke about it in his sermons, but failed to obtain it and thus he missed heaven. The procrastinator said, "I was by no means an infidel." He said that he had been a Sunday school scholar for years, and had attended many revival services. He also said that he had planned to get saved in the next special meeting. He took a little trip to visit a friend, and while enroute the train was wrecked and he was killed, and this is how he missed heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LETTER FROM HELL

Part I.

"I pray Thee therefore, Father, that Thou wouldst send him to my father's house: For I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come to this place of torment." Luke 16:27-28.

(*Let our readers take their Bibles and read from the 19th to 32nd verse inclusive.*)

We have here in this lesson, a message from the under world. We often hear people say, no one has come back from the beyond, to tell us about anything over there, hence they say they do not believe there is anything to it, etc. But here they have their desire, for this is the testimony of one of our fellow men, who used to live upon earth and enjoy its blessings as we do now. He also did business and walked the streets of earthly cities, as we

do to-day. But the time came for him to die and go across the line of worlds. So this is a testimony from him after he had gotten there, and was located. But to make this lesson more interesting and impressive, let us accept it as from some personal friend of ours. Now, there are scarcely any of us who have not had, in time past, some unfortunate brother, sister, mother, father, husband, wife, kinsman, or dear friend to die without being a Christian, hence they were lost and went to hell. Of course we do not like to acknowledge it, but it is true after all. Well, let us accept this as a letter direct from them to us. Now let us notice some valuable information we obtain through this letter from our lost friend in hell. 1. We see according to verse 19 that it takes more than morality to keep men out of hell. You will notice, Jesus does not accuse this man of being any great sinner, such as a drunkard, a gambler, a horse thief, or any such thing. His only accusation against him was: 1. *He was rich;* 2. *Dressed*

fine; 3. *Fared sumptuously* every day. Speculative theology says this is the same rich man that came to Jesus in Mark 10-17 saying, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" And on being told to keep the commandments he said: "All these have I observed from my youth." Ah! what an example of morality! Where can such a moral man be found now-days? But even this exceptional moral man could not enter heaven without the Birth from above, hence, after all of his morality he made his bed in hell. 2. The next information we get out of this letter is, that our departed friends still exist in another world.

We are told by a certain class of folks, that our dead friends are asleep in the grave, both soul and body. But in our lesson we find after this man was *buried*, as we read in verse 22 he finds his *spirit*, his *soul* in another world. We are told by another class of people, that when the body dies, the soul is annihilated, i. e. reduced to nothing, but that theory don't

seem to hold good, according to the information we get from our friend in this letter from hell. So we must all accept the fact, that our departed friends still exist. The righteous ones in heaven, and the unsaved ones in hell. 3. The next valuable information we get through this letter, is that, the doctrine of universalist is a humbug in its teaching that there is but *one* future abode for departed spirits, viz. heaven, and that all souls go there. We see according to Abraham's testimony in verse 26, that the righteous are in one apartment, and the wicked in another. 4. The next information we get is that our departed, lost friends are still *rational*, intelligent beings. People think if they are lost they will ever remain in a dormant, senseless condition and not realize the sufferings. But according to this letter we see our lost friends still have their senses. Notice, according to verse 23 this man had the sense of *sight*, for it says, "In hell he lifted up his *eyes* and *seeth* Abraham *afar off*." This man's sight was a

thousand times keener than when he was on earth, for he looked clear beyond the bounds of hell, which must be millions of miles wide; and even clear across that *great gulf* which must be billions of miles wide. Hence it is true our lost friends have their sense of *sight* yet. 2. This man also had the sense of *hearing*, because he held a conversation with Abraham, notwithstanding, he being this vast distance away. 3. He had also the sense of *feeling*, because in verse 24 he asks for water to *cool* his tongue. How would he know it was *hot* had he been deprived of the sense of feeling? Again we notice, this man was still *rational*. People think if they do go to hell they will be forever in a stupor. But this man seemed as rational as any man on earth, hence Abraham appeals to his *memory* by saying "Son, *remember*!" This is something an irrational man cannot do. O what numberless thoughts must have gone through this man's mind when Abraham' touched this Key of memory. Doubtless every sermon, every

church song, and every prayer he ever heard, flashed through his mind like a panorama. Doubtless he remembered every rejected opportunity for heaven, he ever had. Oh, what untold agony this will bring to souls, when they get to hell! (i. e.) when memory awakes and reflects over the disastrous years of finished time. 5. The next information we get through this letter is, the *circumstances* of our lost friends, (i. c.) how they are faring. Many times people wonder if their departed friends are happy, and even go to the medium to have them called up to enquire. But in this letter we find that they are in untold anguish and despair, for this lesson says in verse 23, *Being in torments*, so we see that it is more than *one kind* of suffering; but *many*, viz. the *fire*, the *undying worm*, the *second death*, *eternal thirst*. Ever *haunted by memory* and *remorse*. Add to this, the association of devils, fiends, hobgoblins, and all of the liars, drunkards, thieves, mongers, and profligates of earth. O, what torments! 6. The

next valuable information we get is the fact that hell is a real *place.* Some false teachers teach that hell is only a *state* of conscience, and we reap that *here,* but this man's letter says emphatically, "*This place of torment.*" So whatever the higher critic and skeptic may say regarding hell being only a *state,* this letter from hell tells us it is a *place*; see verse 28. Also Act. 1:25. The next information we get out of it, is that there is *no* pass-way between hell and heaven. We know there are people who teach that by their living friends paying so much money, it is possible to pray them out of hell to heaven, but according to this letter from the man in hell, who should know all about it, it says, "There is a *great gulf* fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you, CANNOT; *neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence* (you), verse 26. So, friend, the only escape from hell is the precious blood of Christ, which may only be reached *here on earth.* 8. The next thought we get through this letter is, that

no saint on earth or in heaven has any power to answer a prayer, therefore, no man or woman is to direct any prayers to any one but God, through Jesus Christ, indited by the Holy Ghost. This prayer of this damned soul to Abraham is the only prayer recorded in the Bible that was prayed to a saint in heaven. We will all agree that the results were *very, very* dissatisfactory. Hence, it can be plainly seen, that all praying must be done to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, through His name. 9. The next information we get, is what our departed lost friends would write about if they were permitted to do so. Would they write about the property they left behind? Would they write about their children and families? Would they write about the money they left in the bank? No! No! We see in the 27th and 28th verses what they would write, viz. — "*Don't come to this place of torment.*" O, friend, do heed their warning voice! 10. The next information we get is, there is no mercy in hell.

Mercy and Hope are strangers. This lost man did not ask for a dinner, nor for a slice of bread and butter, nor for a *pitcher* or *glass* of water, but he only asked for *one drop*, and was refused. The lesson God wants to teach us by this picture, is that there is no mercy in hell. 11. The next valuable information we get is, *Believing* the *Bible* is men's only hope for heaven, and this is to be done while they live on earth. "He said they have Moses and the Prophets, let them hear them." i. e. the Law and the Prophets. Truly we see by this, that the *word* is the essential; all creeds, sects, rules, and rituals, aside from the *word* are lighter than chaff. O, friend, do be warned, before you quit the walks of time, and go hence to that land of death and woe!

"*AND whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.*" . . . . . .

Rev. 20:15.

CHAPTER XV.

A LETTER FROM HELL

Part II.

I think there is not much difference between the fashionable resorts upon earth and their semblance here — I mean so far as what the world pleases to call style is concerned; we could scarcely out-do the world in that respect, but we have far more variety. For with you but one fashion can prevail at a time, whereas here all fashions flourish, all the nonsense of centuries combined. Just think of that — all the inventions of *la mode* brought together; say of a thousand years. Could there be a more absurd picture, taking the fashions of dress, for instance? Whatever gloom or wretchedness be upon me, I assure you I laugh out right at the sight — folly convicted out of its own mouth, as it were. Just stop for a moment and imagine

the effect — women covered to the neck with flounces and furbelows on the one hand, or half nude on the other; puffed out to deformity here, tight as pump handles there. Bonnets like coal scuttles here, bonnets like cheese plates there. But who could name all their nonsense of farthingales and stomachers, ruffles and laces, crinolines and high art styles, fancy costumes and divided skirts? Not to mention chignons like the very towers of Babel, and simpleton fringes and what not. Imagine them, I say, the fools of ten years only brought together, and try to think of the fools of nineteen centuries! And then to believe any one fashion beautiful, any one of them dictated by the good taste to which they all pretend. In the world, somehow, they pass for beautiful, perhaps because only one at a time can rule; but since every fashion which has had its day straightway goes to hell, and since there is no past here but a continuous present, they all flourish together, and a nice medley it is! One feels ashamed

of humanity at the absurd sight. And what is more, fashionable people here are thoroughly ashamed of themselves, though they try hard to appear very proud of their clothes.

Love of dress in itself need not become a sin; but look at it as you please, there is that connected with it which cannot but tend to the soul's ruin. Its aims and the aims of the Spirit lie widely apart. It takes the place of better things, and vanity clings to you and, as a cloud, will hide the true object of life. Men or women ruled by vanity, fritter away their time and when they die not only good works do not follow them, but opportunities wasted stand round their bier. Who has the face now to say that vanity, that love of dress, is harmless? *

"*WHO shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.*"

2 *Thess.* 1:9.

CHAPTER XVI.

A LETTER FROM HELL

Part III.

I begin to understand the moving-springs of hell. It is *insatiate desire* on the one hand, *and remorse on the other* — I had almost said sorrow; but that is too sweet a grace, admitting of sorrow for sin, for opportunity wasted, and that is unknown here; it is a dull, flinty grief, a mere wailing for pain. The punishment of hell is twofold, but after all it is the self-same retribution. *Some are driven continuously to brood over the same evil passions they indulged in on earth, satisfaction alone being absent; or with horror and loathing are obliged again and again to commit in the spirit the self-same crimes that polluted their days in the flesh. The miser forever is dreaming of riches, the voluptuary of uncleanness, the glutton of feasting, the murderer of his bloody*

deed. Others, on the contrary, are pursuing the very things they neglected on earth; they know it is hopeless, but pursue them they must. Thus men of unjust dealing are anxiously trying to right the wrong, the unmerciful to do deeds of charity, the unnatural parent to live for her children, the suicide to prolong his days.

But whatever we suffer, our torment is not to be viewed in the light of final punishment — that is coming — we await the day of doom; no, it is merely the natural consequence of our life on earth. Oh, men and women, yet walking on earth, consider this! that all sin, great or small, has its own IRRETRIEVABLE consequence, which — ay, think of it — extends far beyond the limits of life, even into hell. And if mere consequence may be so terrible, what must be the punishment to come?

This then is the law of hell: we are tormented — we torment ourselves! Yet remember that in dying everything depends on whether we lived in the faith of the Son of God, who gave His life that men might be

saved. Our sins have that dread importance in as far as they testify that we did not believe. Do you marvel that I speak of God? Ah me, He is still our God! And we know that there is a Son of God who came into the world to save sinners, who loved them unto death, even the death of the Cross. But we know nothing of the way of salvation: everything is forgotten — the very name of the Saviour. We consume ourselves in terrible efforts to remember, were it but the faintest remnant of saving knowledge, but alas, it is vain — not even His name! Could we remember that name, call it back to our hearts I doubt not — I doubt not — even we might be saved. But it is gone — it is too late! too late!

It is incredible how much I have forgotten; indeed, I might say I have forgotten everything except myself. Yes, that is it. I have not forgotten self; on the contrary, whatever of the past concerns my person and my life has followed me hither with a minuteness of

detail as strange as it is painful. But the clothes of self, as it were, — the things I once possessed by knowledge, by intellectual acquirement, — they have vanished together with the gifts of mammon and the vanities of the flesh. You will not be surprised then that the feeling of nakedness is so terribly present with me.

I have brought nothing hither but myself. And what comprises this self but a burning remorse which can never be stilled; a greed of desire which can never be satisfied; an unquenchable longing for things left behind; innumerable recollections of sins great and small, causing insufferable anguish, all being equally bitter, equally fraught with vainest regret! This is the picture of myself, O God, — of myself in hell. *

CHAPTER XVII.

JOTTINGS FROM HELL

They are greatly mistaken who say that death changes the native idealities of men. There is nothing in the unloosing of the mortal tent to alter or transform immortal minds. It is true, there lies an impassible gulf between heaven and hell; but oh, the almost infinite degrees betwixt the lost and lost. *

Lost souls of every type are here, and yet the hell of one is not the hell of another. There is no need of separate prisons to adjust the righteous meed of punishment to each. As they have sinned, they suffer; for the flame of perfect righteousness doth rest upon them all. *

I saw two lost ones standing side by side, one was a princess, who had floated on through

life wrapped in a perfumed incense-cloud of praise, the other a homeless beggar by the way. One hour had made them comrades; one despair was written on their faces, one sympathy drew them together, while in speechless woe they wrung each other's hands. *

In this dark land of overshadowing death, there is no sentinel but God; His Eye alone is *jailor;* His Hand the only executioner of wrath. The Eye of everlasting righteousness doth look us through and through, searching the depths of our spirits — passing and repassing like a flame of living fire. *

Of all the fools of the world's training, he surely is the greatest who takes away his own life, thinking he could never be worse off than he is. In truth, whatever a man's earthly lot may be, sure it is a paradise to what he comes to meet in this dark world of woe. If you could give him back that misery tenfold,

he would seize it eagerly and bless you for the gift. *

This afternoon I was hurried into an apartment where I saw nothing but devils and evil spirits which tormented me in such a manner that my tongue cannot express it. I cried for mercy but they hurried me into a second apartment where they put me into a vise and tormented me until I was all in a gore of blood. I cried again for mercy, but still in vain. I was soon hurried into a third apartment, where there were scorpions with stings in their tails, fastened in sockets at the end thereof; their tails seemed to be about a fathom long, and every time they struck me, their sting, which appeared an inch and a half in length, stuck fast in me, and they roared like thunder. I was now hurried into another apartment to a lake that burned with fire and brimstone. The flames dazzled like the sun. Here the devils were throwing in

the souls of men and women, whose screams and yells shook the dark abyss. *

This P. M., I walked through a long dark archway to a large room where I saw several men sitting upon a seat of red-hot iron. They were all playing fiddles, and did not take any notice of me. Their eyes were like balls of fire, and at every breath fire gushed from their nostrils and mouth, as they moaned O! — O! — O! In another part of the room were dancers, dancing to the music of the fiddlers. They had no rest, but danced continually, fire also proceeding from them with every breath. *

If all the fires that ever were, or shall be, in the world, were contracted into one fire, yet such a fire would be but as a painted fire upon the wall, to the fire of hell. *

My sins are all present now; I see them, every one of them, and none is wanting; and

indeed their number is far greater than I could have believed possible. A thousand trivial things — not trifles here, though I once believed them such — raise their front in bitter accusation. Life lies before me as an open book, a record of minutest detail, and what seemed scarce worth the notice once, has now assumed its own terrible importance — sin succeeding sin, and the remainder folly. My anguished soul turns hither and thither, writhing and moaning; not a spot is left where she might rest — not a moment's peace to soothe her; shut in with sins innumerable, she is the prey of despair. *

There is not a more appalling sight here than watching the entrance. The space beyond is wrapped in a shadowy mist, out of which lost souls are constantly emerging, single or in troops, dawning upon your vision. They are all equally naked, differing only in sex and age. The beggar and the king are not to be known from one another, both arriving

in like miserable nakedness. They have all come by the same road, broad and pleasant at first, but terrible at its latter end. As they approach the gates they are seized with fear and trembling, and pass them in an agony of despair. *

Hell is a vast dungeon where man and woman, rich and poor, crawl about in utter loneliness. You say in the world, and say truly, that there are conflicts in which even strong men fail. Alas, the hardest conflict now seems a happy condition, for here struggling is at an end, as being too good for hell! There is only raving and madness here, — The soul here is a victim, forsaken by the powers of good. Every little devil is permitted to fasten his miserable claws on the helpless mind. *

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW "SMALL SINS" ARE MAGNIFIED IN HELL

I have told you, my friend, how continuously I am the prey of memories, but how much so — to what extent, I mean — you little guess. That deeds of iniquity and particular sins should assail me, tormenting the soul as with fire, is natural. But this is not all. There are other things, counted for little in the world, which cling to conscience with a terrible vividness. Every little falsehood and unjust dealing, every word of deceit and breach of fealty, every evil example and want of kindness, — they are all, all present now, piercing the heart as with daggers of regret. I thought so little of these things in life, that I scarcely stopped to consider them; they seemed buried on the spot, every year adding its own share to the mouldering heap. They

have risen now and stand about me, I see them and I tremble.

I was just thinking of an example, out of hundreds which press around me. I take one at random. I have felt haunted lately by the sorrowful eyes of a poor little street boy. Wherever I turn I see him, or rather not so much him as his tearful troubled gaze, rising in judgment against me. It has all come back to my mind how one evening I sauntered about in the park, a poor little beggar running alongside, pressing me to buy a halfpenny worth of matches. I did not want them, and told him so, but he persisted in crying "Only a ha'penny, sir — only a ha'penny." He annoyed me, and, taking him by the arm, I rudely pushed him away. I did not mean to hurt him, although, to tell the truth, there was not a particle of kindness in me at the time. Nor lay the wrong in not buying his matches; I was quite at liberty to refuse, had I denied him kindly. But he annoyed me and I was angry. The child, flung aside

roughly, fell in the road; I heard a cry; perhaps he had hurt himself — perhaps it was only grief for his matches lying about in the mud. I turned and met a look from his eyes, full of trouble and silent accusation. It would have been so easy for me to make good my thoughtlessness, so little would have comforted the child, but I walked away heedless of his grief.

Now few people would call that downright wickedness — few people in the world I mean; but here, unfortunately, we are forced to judge differently. Years and years have passed since, for I was a young man at the time, but the memory of that child has returned upon me, his look of sorrowful reproof adding to the pangs of hell. It is but an example, as I said, and there are many — many!

But not mere deeds — every word of evil carelessly spoken in the days of early life comes back to me with similar force. As poisoned arrows such words once quitted my lips; as poisoned arrows they come back to

me, piercing the heart. Oh, consider it while living voice is yours, and speak not lightly! There is no saying what harvest of sin may spring from a single word. And if pity for others will not restrain you, be advised by pity for your own selves, since requital will come to yourselves only in the end.

And not merely deed and words, but every harmful thought recurs to me, to gnaw away at my heart. There is a saying with certain philosophers in the world that nothing ever is lost. If this be true in the material world, how much more so is it in spiritual things — ah, terrible truth!

And further, apart from the evil done, it is the good left undone, the opportunities wasted, which stand around me with pitiless scourge, and their name is legion! Thus everything, you see, both what I have done and left undone, comes to life here in this place of woe, — takes shape, I ought to say, — rising in accusation against me. I try to escape, but they are about me everywhere,

those shapes of terror, enough to people a world with despair; they persecute me, they torture me, and I am their helpless prey. Memories of the good left undone — alas, they are far more bitter than those of the evil done! For temptation to do wrong often was great, and in my own strength I failed to conquer; but to do good for the most part would have cost little, if any, effort. I see it now with the new insight into life which hell gives. The man lives not who is excused from leaving good undone; however poor and humbly situated he may be, opportunity is ever at his door. It is for him only to open his heart and take in the opportunity; for his own heart is a well of power and of blessing to boot. He who is the fountain of love and purity, from whom every good and perfect gift cometh, has wondrously arranged it, that in this respect there is but little difference between the rich and the poor, the gentle and the simple. Let me conjure you then, brothers and sisters, listen to the voice of your

heart while yet it is day! Listen, I say, and obey, lest the bitterness of repentance overtake you with the night, when no man can work! Ah, let no opportunity for the doing of good escape you, for it will rise against you when nothing is left but to wail in anguish. *

CHAPTER XIX.

HIS VISION OF HEAVEN

It seemed impossible to describe what I have seen. But it weighs upon my heart, urging me to tell you, however feebly. Having confided so much to you, I ought not to keep this crowning experience to myself. Listen, then, to what I have to impart to you in sorrow.

The great moment was fast drawing near. Darkness seemed being engulfed by the abyss more and more rapidly — light with us reaching its fulness in a transparent dawn; but far, far away, beyond the gulf, a great daybreak was bursting the confines of night. I knew the fair land of the blessed was about to be revealed. It was a wondrous radiance, increasing quickly, and transfusing the distant shore with hues of unknown and indescribable loveliness. In dreams only, or when yielding

to the magic of music, a faint foretaste of such glory may come to the human soul.

Hell seemed captivated, the whole of its existence culminating in an all-pervading sense of dread; millions of hungry-eyed souls drawn toward a selfsame goal. Some like pillars of salt stood motionless, gazing into the brightening glow; others had sunk to their knees; others again, falling to the ground, sought to hide their faces; while some in hopeless defiance refused to look. But I stood in fear and trembling, forgetful of all but the vision at hand.

And suddenly it seemed as if a great veil were rent asunder, torrents of light overflowing their banks, and the wide heavens steeped in flame. A sigh bursting from untold millions of lost ones ended in a wail of sorrow that went quivering through the spaces of hell. I heard and saw no more. As one struck by lightning I had fallen on my face.

How long I lay thus confounded I know not; but when again I lifted my dazzled eyes,

there was a clear, steady glow, a beneficient radiance that admitted of my looking into it, not blinding vision. Still I had to accustom my sight to it; it seemed a vast ocean of light that by degrees only assumed color and shape; dawning forth to the raptured gaze as a world of beauty and lovliness, such as eye has not seen and the mind is unable to grasp. But never for a moment did I doubt the reality. I knew it was the land of bliss, even Paradise, unfolding to my view. At first it seemed as though islands and distant shores grew visible in that sea of light, gentle harmonies of color floating about them. But gradually the scattered parts united, forming a perfect whole, a world of bliss immeasurably vast. Yet, infinite as it appeared, it formed but a single country — a garden abounding in blessing, in beauty, in delight. The lovliest spots on earth are as desert places in comparison. I have no other words to describe it. To do so fully and justly I had need to be an angel, and you know what I am — one

who might have been an angel, but lost now and forever undone.

Trembling with awe and enchantment, I gazed into Paradise, deeper and deeper, encompassing, no doubt, thousands of miles. For, strange as the aspect was, the power of vision given was stranger still; my spirit seemed roaming through vast realms of glory, all their beauties laid bare to my tranced senses. I felt the balmy breezes, I heard the rustle of trees, the gentle cadence of waters. It was given me to see every perfect fruit, every lovely flower, every drop of dew reflecting the light. I saw, heard, felt, drank in the fill of beauty. There was music everywhere, speaking the language of nature glorified. Not a dewdrop sparkling, not a treetop rustling, not a flower opening, but it swelled the heavenly psalm; all sounds floating together in harmony, wondrous and pure. As yet I saw no living soul; but songs of joy, of exultant praise, resounded everywhere, nature and spirit uniting in one perfect hymn.

What shall I say, but that infinite bliss, unspeakable happiness, and heavenly peace, flashed delight into my soul with a thousand daggers of longing!

This then was Eden, I seemed all but in it, and yet how far — how far! Of all that glory not a ray of light for me, not a flower even, or a drop of dew! Ah, gracious heavens, not a drop of water — not a single tear!

But where were they, the souls whom no man hath counted, the saved ones, redeemed from the world? Not one of them I had seen as yet. The garden seemed as untrodden of human foot as on the day when Adam and Eve had been driven forth by Him with the flaming sword. "Where are ye, my loved ones, if not in the heaven I see?" My heart cried out for them, longing, thirsting — Aunt Betty somehow rising first to my mind. Why she, I cannot tell, since there is another far nearer and dearer to my soul.

But while I thought of her, behold herself! Yes, there she was, I opened my sorrowful

arms to clasp her; but, ah me, there is a great gulf fixed, and no passing across it! Yet I saw her, dear Aunt Betty — saw her as plainly as though I need but stretch forth my hand to draw her to my embrace. It was she, and yet how changed! glorified to youth and beauty everlasting, the same to recognizing vision, but perfected, and spotless as the white raiment she wore. Some happy thought seemed moving in her as she walked the paths of content, crowned with a halo of peace. I saw she was happy; I saw it in the light of her eyes, in the smile hovering about her mouth; she had conquered, and sorrow and grief had vanished with the world.

I was deeply moved, to the pouring forth of my soul even in weeping; but what boots emotion if the eyes are a dried-up well! I thought of the love and self-forgetting kindness she had ever shown to me in the days of her life. Now only I knew how much she had been to me — now only I understood her. For — marvellous yet true — I not only saw

her: I was permitted even to read her heart. All she had suffered — her every battling and victory — lay open to my view as a finished tale. Yes, I understood her as I had never done before. Long ago when she was young, my father had been a true brother to her in a time of bitter sorrow, offering her the shelter of his love when she found the world empty and cold. She had never forgotten that — her grateful heart vowing to him the remainder of her life in the service of sisterly devotion. She had kept that vow fully, fondly. That was the key to her life. And her beautiful sacrifice of love enriched not only my father, but all she could help and cherish, souls without number, of whom I was chief.

My father — Lily! my heart was reverting to both simultaneously. And oh, rapture! — I beheld them even now emerging from a shady grove. Aunt Betty seemed to be meeting them.

The sight of Lily was more than I could bear, a film overspreading my senses. It

seemed at first as though both had appeared but to vanish; but no — in perfect clearness and heavenly calm these beloved ones moved in my vision. Nothing of outward beauty, nor yet of the heart's secret history, being hid from me. Truly I had never known them, never seen them aright before.

O Lily! beautiful even on earth and of sweetest womanhood, but surpassingly beautiful in the fulness of Paradise. Mortal eye has not seen such lovliness glorified to transcendent charm. Nay, human imagination is too poor to reach even the hem of her garment. "Holy and sanctified!" seemed to be written in her every feature, surrounding her with a halo of praise. It spoke from her crown of glory, from the palm of victory she carried, from her robe of righteousness whiter than snow. And as she lifted her shining eyes, it was as though their gaze enfolded me; I trembled and glowed, as a flickering flame touched by a kindling breath. And that angel smile of perfect bliss accompanying the

look seemed meant for me — even me. But that was illusion. None of them can see us here — thank God! I saw her; she was near me in spirit vision, but in truth she was far, far away; and the blessed ones in Paradise are saved from the thought of hell and its every horror. Yet the separating gulf does not separate me from her inmost thought. Woe is me! shall I weep, or dare I rejoice? I can read in her pious heart as in an open book! Ah me, what do I read? I see it — see it as in clearest writing that she loved me with all her soul — truly, if unconsciously, with the deepest purest giving of virgin bride. Ay more, she loves me still! she is thinking of me, longing for me with a longing as painless as pure. For it is in hell only that pain and grief are known.

What more can I say? Hopelessness, my daily portion, is as a blazing fire feeding on my soul, sometimes sinking in ashes, but never dying. At that moment of sweetest bitterest conviction, the flame seemed fos-

tered by denial, the very essence of hell. Bliss and delight veering round to despair, my whole miserable existence flared up in an all-consuming agony.

"See what might have been yours, but you have lost it — lost!" was the ever-recurring cry of my tortured soul. Can you wonder that I hardly heeded my good pious father who walked beside her, sharing her felicity? — that I cannot remember a single word passing between them — nay, heard not for very anguish? Had I been quiet to listen, no doubt I would have heard mention of my name, might have heard them speak of me in heavenly tenderness. But, having seen Lily, and read in her very heart the assurance that she loved me, I heard and saw no more. See what might have been yours, but you have lost it — lost! I writhed in despair. Vain was my effort to lift my eyes to her once more — I could not — could not! And with a cry of horror I fell back upon myself. *

CHAPTER XX.

HIS EVENING PLAINT

My little span
Of mortal life, inured and stereotyped,
Is branded on the table of my soul
Each year, each month, each week, each day,
each hour.

As drowning men have lived their by gone life
Again in one brief minute, so to me,
Each minute of these ages without end,
My past is always present. Now I see
Myself. 'Twas not apostasy alone
Damn'd me: this sealed my ruin; but my life
Was one rebellion, one ingratitude.
God would, but could not save me 'gainst my
will,
Moved, drawn, besought, persuaded, striven
with,
But yet inviolate, or else no will,

And I no man — for man by birth is free.
Angel, He would, I would not. Further space
Would but have loaded me with deeper guilt.
Yea, now I fear that if the eye of flame
Which rests upon me everlastingly
Softened its terrors, sin would yet revive
In me and bear again disastrous fruit,
And this entail more torturing remorse.
Better enforce subjection. I have ceased,
Or almost ceased, to struggle against the Hand
That made me. For I madly chose to die:
I sold my immortality for death;
And death, eternal distance from his love;
Eternal nearness to his righteous wrath,
Death now is my immortal recompense.
I know it, I confess it, I submit. *

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DURATION OF ETERNITY

What is eternity? How shall we pour any light upon this obtruse subject? It cannot be the object of our understanding. And with what comparison shall we compare it? What are any temporal things, placed in comparison with those that are eternal? What is the duration of the long lived oak, of the ancient castle, of Trajan's pillar, of Pompey's amphitheatre? What is the antiquity of the Tuscan urns, though probably older than the foundation of Rome; yea, of the pyramids of Egypt, suppose they have remained upwards of three thousand years; — when laid in the balance with eternity? It vanishes into nothing. Nay, what is the duration of "the everlasting hills," figuratively so called, which have remained ever since the general deluge, if not from the foundation of the world, in

comparison of eternity? No more than an insignificant cipher. Go farther yet: consider the duration, from the creation of the first born sons of God, of Michael the archangel in particular, to the hour when he shall be commissioned to sound his trumpet, and to utter his mighty voice through the vault of heaven, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" Is it not a moment, a point, a nothing, in comparison of unfathomable eternity? Add to this a thousand, a million years, add a million of million of ages, "before the mountains were brought forth, or the earth and the round world were made:" what is all this in comparison of that eternity? Is it not less, infinitely less, than a single drop of water to the whole ocean? Yea, immeasureably less than a day, an hour, a moment, to a million of ages! Go back a thousand millions still; yet you are no nearer the beginning of eternity.

2. Are we able to form a more adequate conception of eternity to come? In order to

do this, let us compare it with the several degrees of duration which we are acquainted with. An ephemeron fly lives six hours; from six in the evening, to twelve. This is a short life compared to that of a man, which continues three score or four score years, and this itself is short, if it be compared to the nine hundred and sixty-nine years of Methuselah. Yet what are these years, yea, all that have succeeded each other, from the time that the heavens and the earth were erected, to the time when the heavens shall pass away, and the earth with the works of it shall be burned up, if we compare it to the length of that duration which never shall have an end?

3. In order to illustrate this, a late author has repeated that striking thought of St. Cyprian: Suppose there were a ball of sand, as large as the globe of earth; suppose a grain of this sand were to be annihilated, reduced to nothing, in a thousand years; yet that whole space of duration, wherein this ball

would be annihilating, at the rate of one grain in a thousand years, would bear infinitely less proportion to eternity, duration without end, than a single grain of sand would bear to all the mass!

4. To infix this important point the more deeply in your mind, consider another comparison: Suppose the ocean to be so enlarged as to include all the space between the earth and the starry heavens. Suppose a drop of this water to be annihilated once in a thousand years; yet that whole space of duration, wherein this ocean would be annihilating, at the rate of one drop in a thousand years, would be infinitely less, in proportion to eternity, than one drop of water to that whole ocean.

Look then at those immortal spirits, whether they are in this or the other world. When they shall have lived thousands of thousands of years, yea, millions of millions of ages, their duration will be but just begun: they will be only upon the threshold of eternity!

5. But besides this division of eternity into that which is past, and that which is to come, there is another division of eternity, which is of unspeakable importance: that which is to come, as it relates to immortal spirits, is either a happy or a miserable eternity.

6. See the spirits of the righteous that are already praising God in a happy eternity! We are ready to say, How short will it appear to those who drink of the rivers of pleasure at God's right hand? We are ready to cry out,

"A day without night
They dwell in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day!"

But this is only speaking after the manner of men: for the measures of long and short are only applicable to time, which admits of bounds and not to unbounded duration. This rolls on, (according to our low conceptions) with unutterable, inconceivable swiftness; if one would not rather say, it does not roll or move at all, but is one still, immovable

ocean. For the inhabitants of heaven "rest not day and night," but continually cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord, the God, the Almighty, who was, and who is, and who is to come!" And when millions of millions of ages are elapsed, their eternity is but just begun.

7. On the other hand, in what condition are those immortal spirits who have made choice of a miserable eternity? I say, made choice; for it is impossible that this should be the lot of any creature, but by his own act and deed. The day is coming when every soul will be constrained to acknowledge, in the sight of men and angels,

"No dire decree of thine did seal
Or fix the unalterable doom;
Consign my unborn soul to hell,
Or damn me from my mother's womb,"

In what condition will such a spirit be after the sentence is executed: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?" Suppose him to be just

now plunged into "the lake of fire burning with brimstone," where "they have no rest, day or night, but the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." Why, if we were only to be chained down one day, yea, one hour, in a lake of fire, how amazingly long would one day or one hour appear! I know not if it would not seem a thousand years. But (astonishing thought!) after thousands of thousands, he has but just tasted of his bitter cup! After millions of millions, it will be no nearer the end than it was the moment it began!

8. What then is he, how foolish, how mad, in how unutterable a degree of distraction, who, seeming to have the understanding of a man, deliberately prefers temporal things to eternal? Who (allowing that absurd, impossible supposition, that wickedness is happiness, — a supposition utterly contrary to all reason, as well as to matter of fact) prefers the happiness of a year, say a thousand years, to the happiness of eternity,

in comparison of which, a thousand ages are infinitely less than a year, a day, a moment? Especially when we take this into the consideration, (which indeed should never be forgotten,) that the refusing a happy eternity, implies the choosing of a miserable eternity: for there is not, cannot be, any medium between everlasting joy and everlasting pain. It is a vain thought which some have entertained, that death will put an end to the soul as well as the body: it will put an end to neither the one nor the other; it will only alter the manner of their existence. But when the body "returns to the dust as it was, the spirit will return to God that gave it." Therefore, at the moment of death, it must be unspeakably happy, or unspeakably miserable: and that misery will *never* end.

"*Never*! Where sinks the soul at that dread sound?
Into a gulf how dark, and how profound!"

How often would he, who had made the wretched choice, wish for the death both of his soul and body? It is not impossible he

might pray in some such manner as Dr. Young supposes: —

"When I have writh'd ten thousand years in fire;
Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire!"

9. Yet this unspeakable folly, this unutterable madness, of preferring present things to eternal, is the disease of every man born into the world, while in his natural state. For such is the constitution of our nature, that as the eye sees only such a portion of space at once, so the mind sees only such a portion of time at once. And as all the space that lies beyond this is invisible to the eye, so all the time which lies beyond that compass is invisible to the mind. So that we do not perceive either the space or the time which is at a distance from us. The eye sees distinctly the space that is near it, with the objects which it contains: in like manner, the mind sees distinctly those objects which are within such a distance of time. The eye does not see the beauties of China: they are at too great a distance: there is too great a space between us and them: therefore, we are not affected

by them. They are as nothing to us: it is just the same to us as if they had no being. For the same reason, the mind does not see either the beauties or the terrors of eternity. We are not at all affected by them, because they are so distant from us. On this account it is, that they appear to us as nothing; just as if they had no existence. Meantime we are wholly taken up with the things present, whether in time or space; and things appear less and less, as they are more and more distant from us, either in one respect or the other. And so it must be; such is the constitution of our nature; till nature is changed by almighty grace. But this is no manner of excuse for those who continue in their natural blindness to futurity; because a remedy for it is provided, which is found by all that seek it: yea, it is freely given to all that sincerely ask it.

Now, dear reader, think and act today, as you will wish you had when you are suffering the vengeance of *Eternal fire.* "O, Eternity! Eternity! Who can discover the abyss of Eternity? Who can paraphrase upon these words — FOREVER AND FOREVER?" *

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT HATH ETERNITY IN STORE FOR ME?

What hath Eternity in store?
I stand upon its billowy shore,
And vainly strain my eyes to see
What it may have reserved for me.
I cannot pierce its gathering gloom,
I can but fear a dreadful doom,
To all eternity.

But as I near the shores of night
Strange scenes come trembling on my sight.
A dreadful gulf, a lake of fire,
The essence of Jehovah's ire.
"I'm lost! How long?" my spirit cries,
The thunder from the pit replies,
"To all eternity."

Out in the mists of endless night
My spirit wings its downward flight.
Prone on hell's flaming pav'ments tos't,
While fiery billows sweep across.
Cursing my fate I prostrate lie,
While scorching winds in terror cry,
"To all eternity."

Swept by the hurricanes of woe,
That ceaseless o'er perdition blow,
Into its lake of sulph'rous flame,
Cursing the dread Almighty's name;
While bellowing waves 'gainst the rock bound
shore
Thunder the answer evermore,
"To all eternity."

Again I cry, "O God! How long?"
And flashing thro' the hell-damned throng,
The lightnings forked lightnings cross,
Lurid with woe and endless loss.
While rumbling thunders loudly roll
Their echoes o'er my sin doomed soul,
To all eternity.

In vain I seek for pity now,
Despair sits deep on every brow.
With rolling coils is seen dread death,
While serpents hiss with fiery breath,
And howling demons taunt my fears,
And devils mock my scalding tears,
To all eternity.

Then to the gates of hell I rise
And seek an answer from the skies.
"O God, how long must I endure
These torments on this flaming shore?"
Down thund'ring from the vaulted throne
I hear these dreadful words alone —
"To all eternity."

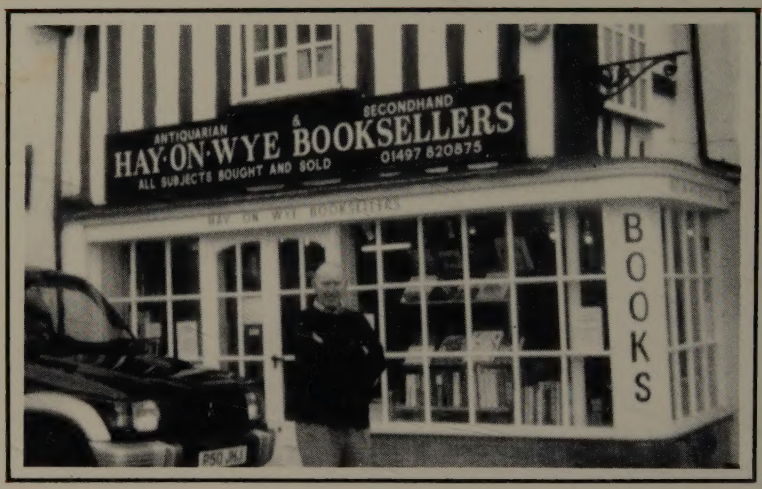
The stingings of conscience, the crackling of
flames,
The rumbling of thunder, clanking of chains,
The hissing of serpents, the moaning of winds,
The howling of demons, the cursing of fiends,
The shrieks of the lost, and wails of despair,
All groan the dread sentence, a hellish night-
mare,
To all eternity.

Eternity so deep, so wide,
Where in thy terrors may I hide?
The wrath of God, the wrath of hell,
Forever will my torments swell,
"O God! How long?" Oh, hopeless word!
Oh, endless terrors of the Lord!
To all eternity. *

OTHER BOOKS BY CBG

Winners of Souls - Bonar $3.00
Anecdotes & Illustrations - Moody $7.00
John Jasper - Hatcher - (Biography) $4.00
The Real Billy Sunday - Brown - (Biography) $5.00
Great Sermons - J. Edwards, Moody, etc. $3.00
John Wesley (Biography) $3.00
Quotes & Quaint Stories - Chamberlain $3.00
Sam Jones Sermons $3.00
The Autobiography of Peter Cartwright $7.00
The J. Frank Norris I Have Known $5.00
Religion in Lee's Army - Rev. Jones $3.00
Uncle Bud Robinson - Chapman $5.00
Baptist History in the South $5.00
Charles Spurgeon $3.00
B. R. Lakin - (Biography) $3.00
Life & Sayings of Sam Jones - Mrs. Jones $7.00
Sgt. York - Last of the Longhunters - Skeyhill $5.00
How To Work For Christ - R. A. Torrey $7.00
John Ploughman's Talk - Spurgeon $3.00
Chaplains in Gray - Pitts $5.00
Sermons of George Whitefield $3.00
Brother Sheffey - Barbery $5.00
Dying Testimonies of Saved & Unsaved - Shaw $6.00
The Preacher & His Preaching - Riley $3.00
Great Love Stories of the Bible - Billy Sunday $5.00
Stories of Civil War Songs - Emurien $3.00
Mrs. C.H. Spurgeon - Day $3.00
Robert Hardy's Seven Days - C. Shelton $3.00
C. I. Scofield - Trumbull $6.00
Blood, Bread and Fire - Vance Havner $3.00
David Brainerd - His Message for Today - Smith $3.00
John G. Paton - Hero of the South Seas $3.00
Adventures of a Gypsy Boy - Gipsy Smith $3.00
Christie's Old Organ - Walton $3.00
The Baptist Story - Davis $6.00
Scarlet Thread Through the Bible - Criswell $3.00
Soul Winning Sermons - Vick $3.00
Private Devotional Lives of Finney, Moody, and Spurgeon $4.00
Martyr of the Catacombs $3.00
Last of the Giants - Rimmer $6.00
Billy Bray, The King's Son - Bourne $3.00
C. H. Spurgeon's Sermon Notes - Fuller $6.00
Twenty Years With Billy Sunday– Rodeheaver $4.00
Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon - Charles Ray $5.00
Assassination of Abraham
Lincoln (2 books in one) Wesley, Moody, etc. $6.00
Great Sermons From Yesteryear - Wesley, Moody, etc. $5.00
Hyman Appleman Outlines $3.00

Send Check or Money Order to:
Larry Harrison • 9066 Knickerbocker • St. John, IN 46373
Add 10% for Postage • (219) 365-4905



"I've devoted my life to the distribution of books, Bibles and tracts and anything that will help to further the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The reading of good Christian books is one of the best ways to challenge and encourage Christians."

—Larry Harrison

★★★★★★★

"Only Heaven will determine which was the most important in my earthly ministry—my preaching or the distributing of books."

—Peter Cartwright-Circuit Riding Preacher

★★★★★★★

"If religious books are not widely circulated among the masses in this country, I do not know what is going to become of us as a nation. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and His Word are not known and received, the devil and his works will gain the ascendancy; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the gospel is not felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, anarchy and misrule, degrad and misery, corruption and darkness, will reign without mitigation or

—Daniel Webster

★★★★★★★

"The cloke that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, brin thee, and the books, but especially the parchments."

II Timoth

★★★★★★★

For Additional Copies Contact:
Larry Harrison
9066 Knickerbocker, St. John, IN 46373

T5-AEA-817